TOMB OF DRACULA ™
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THE TOMB OF DRACULA™

LORD OF VAMPIRES!

COMICDOM'S NUMBER 1 FEAR MAGAZINE

YOU MAY BE MY FATHER--

--BUT I WILL STILL DESTROY YOU!

FATHER AGAINST SON! BUT CAN EITHER SURVIVE--

WHAT LURKS BENEATH SATAN'S HILL!

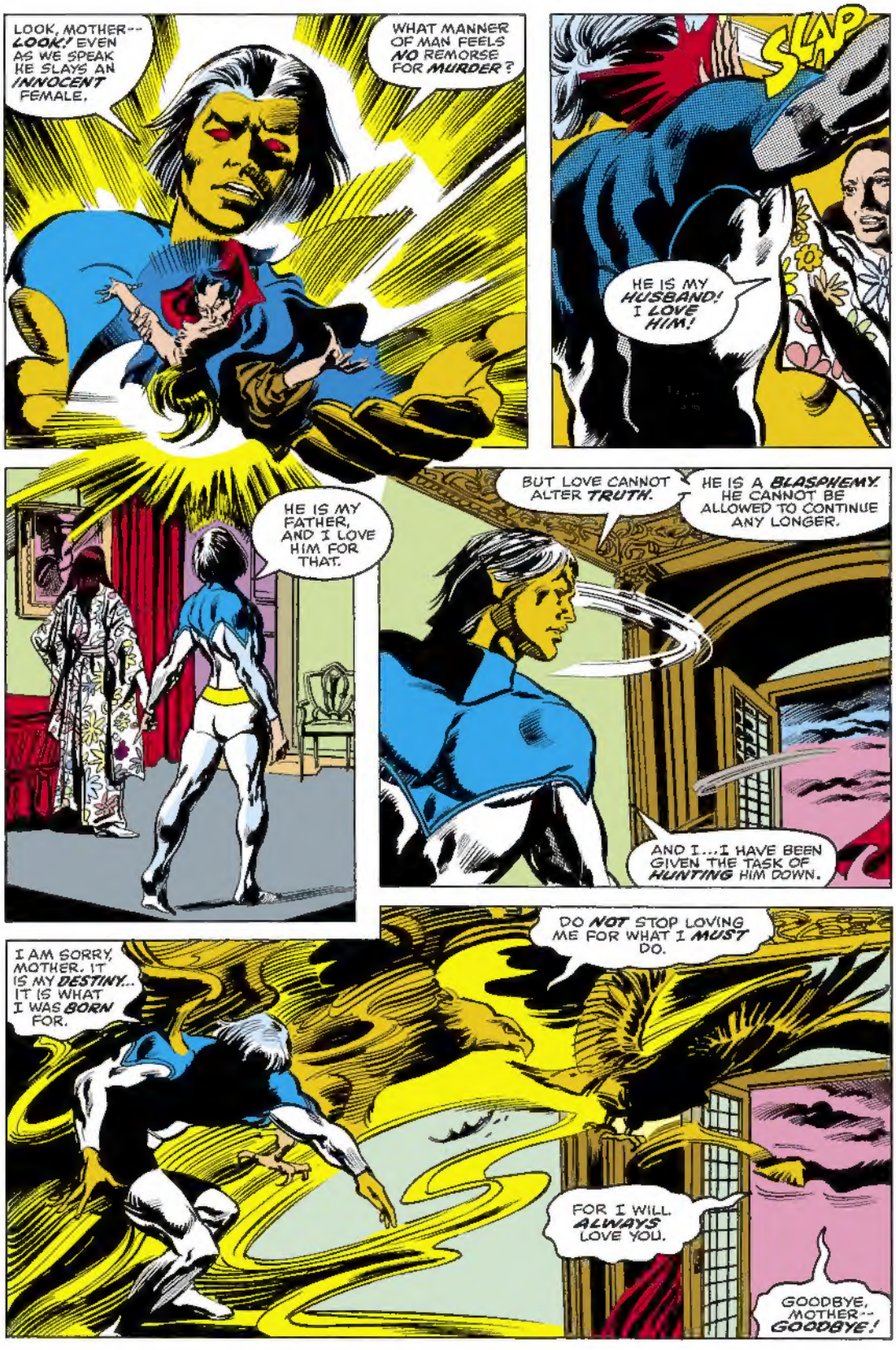
Five hundred years ago he was killed...but he *did not die.* Today, *Quincy Harker, Frank Drake, Rachel Van Helsing,* and *Blade,* the Vampire Slayer—stalk him...as this unliving Lord of Vampires spreads his reign of terror across a twentieth century world.

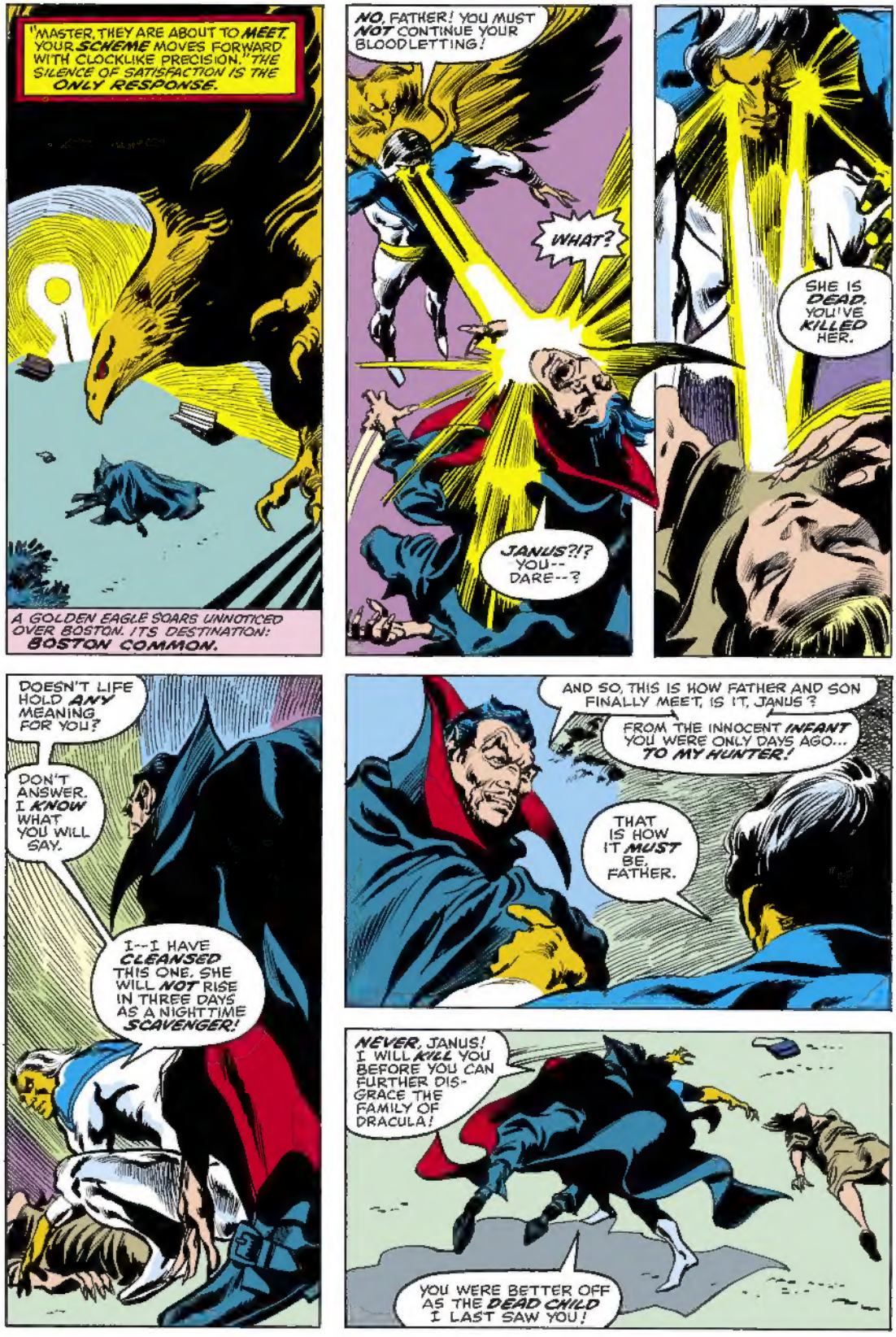
Stan Lee PRESENTS: TOMB OF DRACULA!™

MARV WOLFMAN / WRITER / EDITOR / GENE COLAN & TOM PALMER / ILLUSTRATORS / JOE ROSEN / LETTERER / MICHELE W. / COLORIST

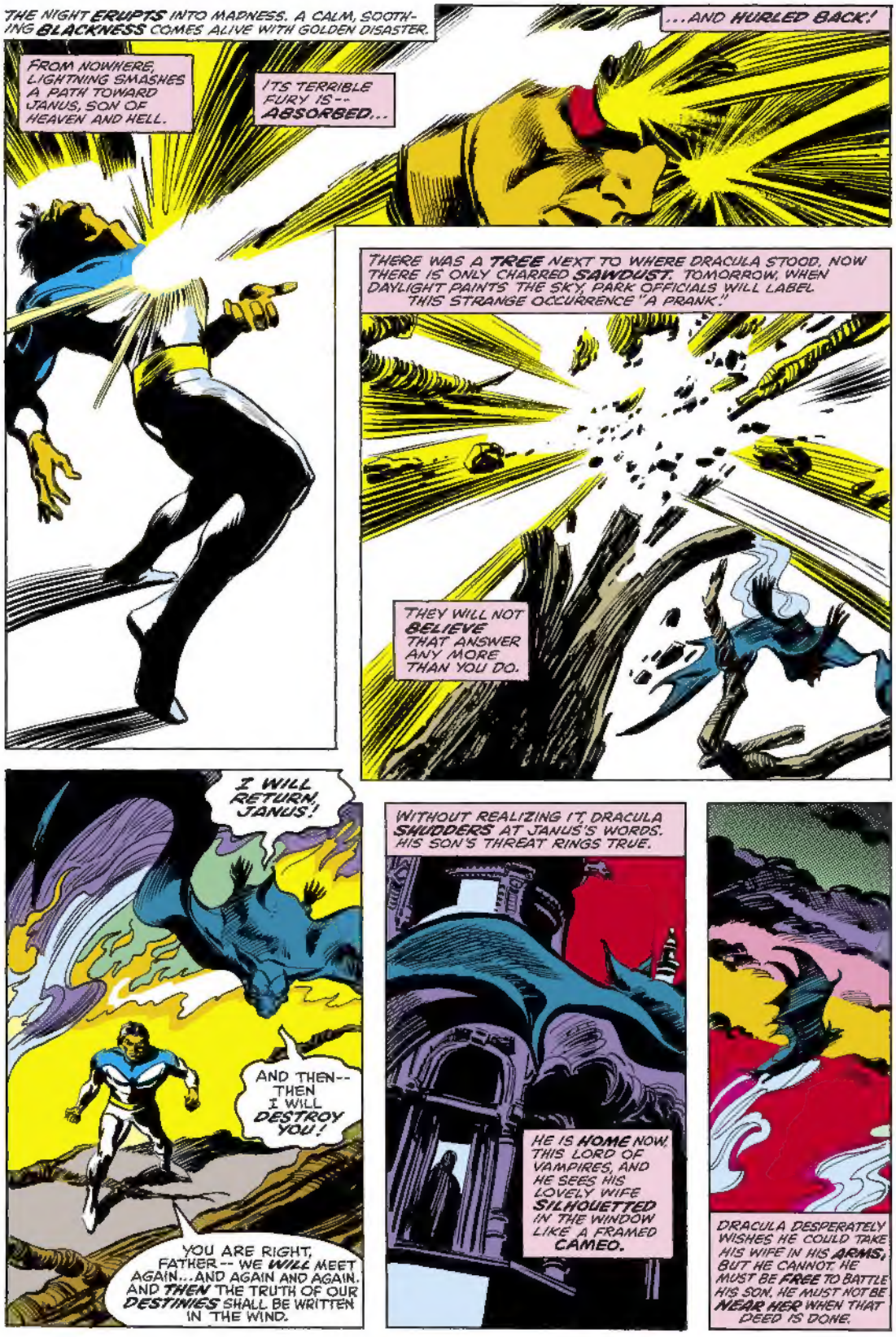
"IT HAS ALL BEEN ARRANGED, MASTER." THE VOICE SOUNDED LIKE CRUSHED GRAVEL. THERE WAS NO ANSWER, NOR WAS ONE EXPECTED.
HOW CAN I DECIDE, MY GOD? HOW? MY HUSBAND...THE MAN I LOVE--MUST BATTLE MY SON...THE FLESH OF MY FLESH!
WHY? WHY MUST THIS HAPPEN? IS THERE NO WAY THIS BATTLE CAN BE STOPPED?
WHAT LURKS BENEATH SATAN'S HILL?

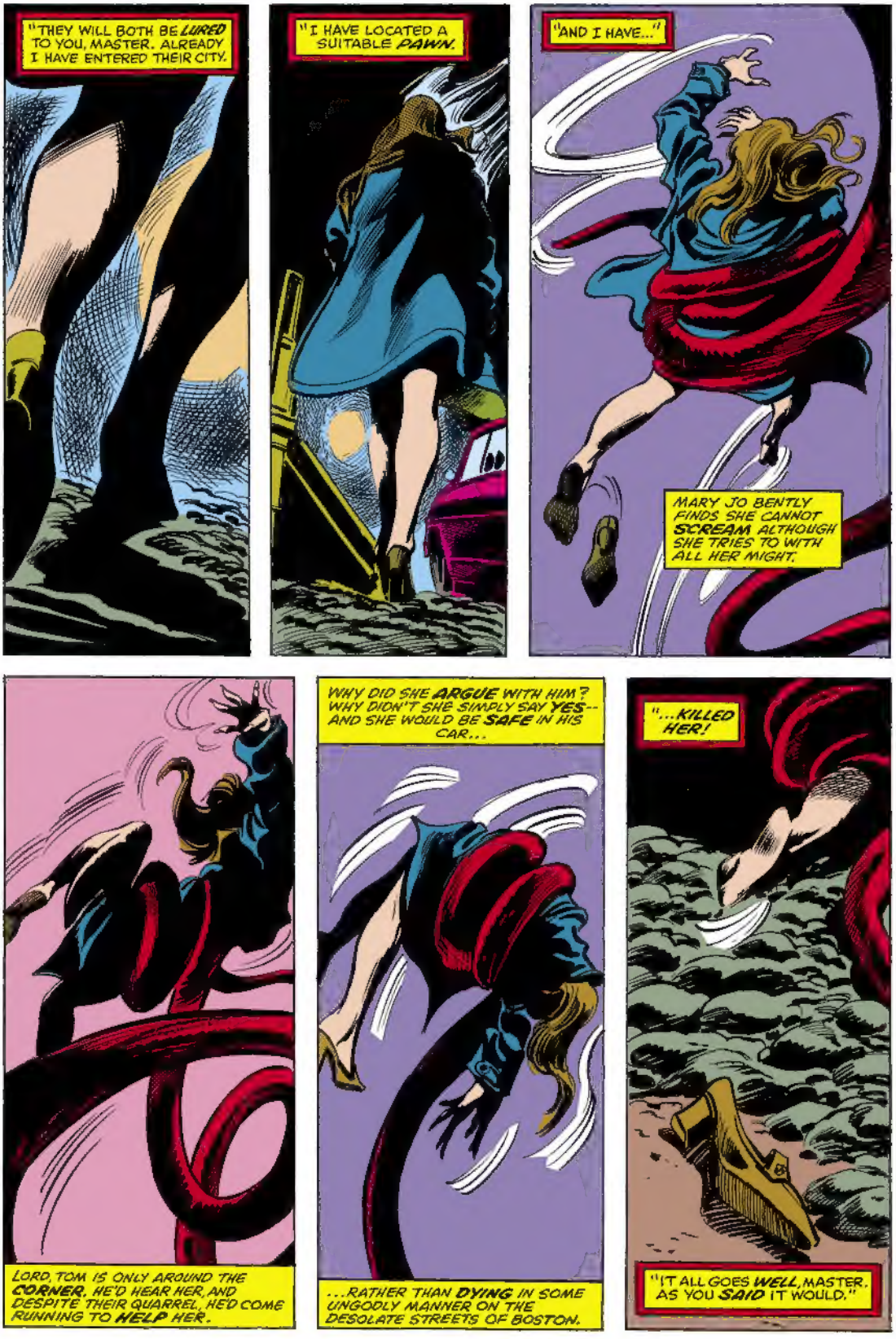
NO, MOTHER. THERE IS NONE.
IT IS MY DESTINY. I MUST SLAY DRACULA.
BUT, HE'S YOUR FATHER. DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT THAT MEANS?
YOU OWE HIM YOUR LIFE. YOU OWE HIM YOUR LOYALTY!
I AM NOT ONLY JANUS. YOU KNOW THAT, MOTHER.
YES, I KNOW. YOU POSSESSED MY SON, TOOK OVER HIS FORM--AGED HIM.
IT IS MY DUTY.
NEVERTHELESS, YOU ARE MY SON. A SON I LOVE WITH ALL MY HEART.
A SON I CHERISH AS I CAN NO OTHER.
A DUTY THAT MUST BE DONE!
BUT I PLEAD WITH YOU, JANUS--LET YOUR FATHER LIVE!
JANUS, DESPITE ALL HE'S DONE, DESPITE EVERYTHING HE IS...
...I--I LOVE HIM!
I...AM SORRY. BUT, I HAVE NO CHOICE IN THIS MATTER, MOTHER.
I WAS SENT HERE TO DESTROY DRACULA, FOR HE IS EVIL.
HE MUST BE... PUNISHED.


LOOK, MOTHER-- LOOK! EVEN AS WE SPEAK HE SLAYS AN INNOCENT FEMALE.
WHAT MANNER OF MAN FEELS NO REMORSE FOR MURDER?
SLAP
HE IS MY HUSBAND! I LOVE HIM!
HE IS MY FATHER, AND I LOVE HIM FOR THAT.
BUT LOVE CANNOT ALTER TRUTH.
HE IS A BLASPHEMY. HE CANNOT BE ALLOWED TO CONTINUE ANY LONGER.
AND I...I HAVE BEEN GIVEN THE TASK OF HUNTING HIM DOWN.
I AM SORRY, MOTHER. IT IS MY DESTINY... IT IS WHAT I WAS BORN FOR.
DO NOT STOP LOVING ME FOR WHAT I MUST DO.
FOR I WILL ALWAYS LOVE YOU.
GOODBYE, MOTHER-- GOODBYE!

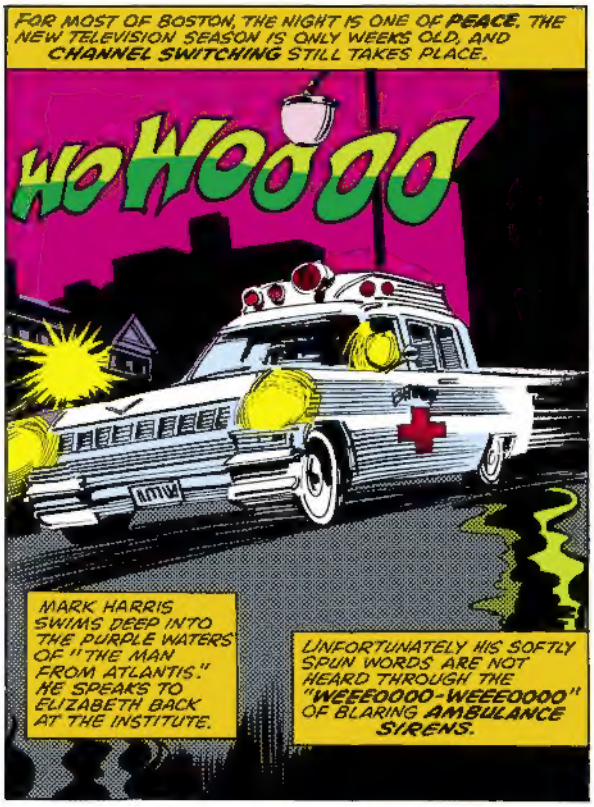

"MASTER, THEY ARE ABOUT TO MEET YOUR SCHEME MOVES FORWARD WITH CLOCKLIKE PRECISION." THE SILENCE OF SATISFACTION IS THE ONLY RESPONSE.
A GOLDEN EAGLE SOARS UNNOTICED OVER BOSTON. ITS DESTINATION: BOSTON COMMON.
NO, FATHER! YOU MUST NOT CONTINUE YOUR BLOODLETTING!
WHAT?
JANUS?!? YOU-- DARE--?
SHE IS DEAD. YOU'VE KILLED HER.
DOESN'T LIFE HOLD ANY MEANING FOR YOU?
DON'T ANSWER. I KNOW WHAT YOU WILL SAY.
I--I HAVE CLEANSED THIS ONE. SHE WILL NOT RISE IN THREE DAYS AS A NIGHTTIME SCAVENGER!
AND SO, THIS IS HOW FATHER AND SON FINALLY MEET, IS IT, JANUS?
FROM THE INNOCENT INFANT YOU WERE ONLY DAYS AGO... TO MY HUNTER!
THAT IS HOW IT MUST BE, FATHER.
NEVER, JANUS! I WILL KILL YOU BEFORE YOU CAN FURTHER DISGRACE THE FAMILY OF DRACULA!
YOU WERE BETTER OFF AS THE DEAD CHILD I LAST SAW YOU!

DRACULA RIPS ACROSS HIS SON'S FACE WITH TALONED HANDS...
...AND THE BLOOD SEEPS FREELY FROM THE OPEN WOUND, INCITING THE VAMPIRE LORD TO GREATER FURY!
BUT, JANUS RISES, TOSSING HIS FATHER GROUNDWARD. HIS EYES GLOW WILDLY--
--AS DRACULA ALTERS HIS SHAPE FROM FLESH TO MIST...
...TO BAT.
AND STILL UNDEAD-- HE FLEES!
DAMN HIS POWER! HE COULD HAVE SLAIN ME WHERE I STOOD. I FELT HIS BODY RIPPLE WITH INCREDIBLE STRENGTH.
BUT DRACULA STILL HAS POWERS HE CALLS HIS OWN!
THE POWER OF THE STORM AND THE FURY!
THE POWER OF THE LIVING LIGHTNING!
I CALL ON YOU, SHATTERER OF THE SKIES--DESCEND FROM THE HEAVENS--
--AND SLAY! SLAY! SLAY!


THE NIGHT ERUPTS INTO MADNESS. A CALM, SOOTHING BLACKNESS COMES ALIVE WITH GOLDEN DISASTER.
FROM NOWHERE, LIGHTNING SMASHES A PATH TOWARD JANUS, SON OF HEAVEN AND HELL.
ITS TERRIBLE FURY IS-- ABSORBED...
...AND HURLED BACK!
THERE WAS A TREE NEXT TO WHERE DRACULA STOOD. NOW THERE IS ONLY CHARRED SAWDUST. TOMORROW, WHEN DAYLIGHT PAINTS THE SKY, PARK OFFICIALS WILL LABEL THIS STRANGE OCCURRENCE "A PRANK!"
THEY WILL NOT BELIEVE THAT ANSWER ANY MORE THAN YOU DO.
I WILL RETURN, JANUS!
AND THEN-- THEN I WILL DESTROY YOU!
YOU ARE RIGHT, FATHER-- WE WILL MEET AGAIN...AND AGAIN AND AGAIN. AND THEN THE TRUTH OF OUR DESTINIES SHALL BE WRITTEN IN THE WIND.
WITHOUT REALIZING IT, DRACULA SHUDDERS AT JANUS'S WORDS. HIS SON'S THREAT RINGS TRUE.
HE IS HOME NOW, THIS LORD OF VAMPIRES, AND HE SEES HIS LOVELY WIFE SILHOUETTED IN THE WINDOW LIKE A FRAMED CAMEO.
DRACULA DESPERATELY WISHES HE COULD TAKE HIS WIFE IN HIS ARMS, BUT HE CANNOT. HE MUST BE FREE TO BATTLE HIS SON. HE MUST NOT BE NEAR HER WHEN THAT DEED IS DONE.


"THEY WILL BOTH BE LURED TO YOU, MASTER. ALREADY I HAVE ENTERED THEIR CITY.
"I HAVE LOCATED A SUITABLE PAWN.
"AND I HAVE..."
MARY JO BENTLY FINDS SHE CANNOT SCREAM ALTHOUGH SHE TRIES TO WITH ALL HER MIGHT.
LORD, TOM IS ONLY AROUND THE CORNER. HE'D HEAR HER, AND DESPITE THEIR QUARREL, HE'D COME RUNNING TO HELP HER.
WHY DID SHE ARGUE WITH HIM? WHY DIDN'T SHE SIMPLY SAY YES-- AND SHE WOULD BE SAFE IN HIS CAR...
...RATHER THAN DYING IN SOME UNGODLY MANNER ON THE DESOLATE STREETS OF BOSTON.
"...KILLED HER!
"IT ALL GOES WELL, MASTER. AS YOU SAID IT WOULD."

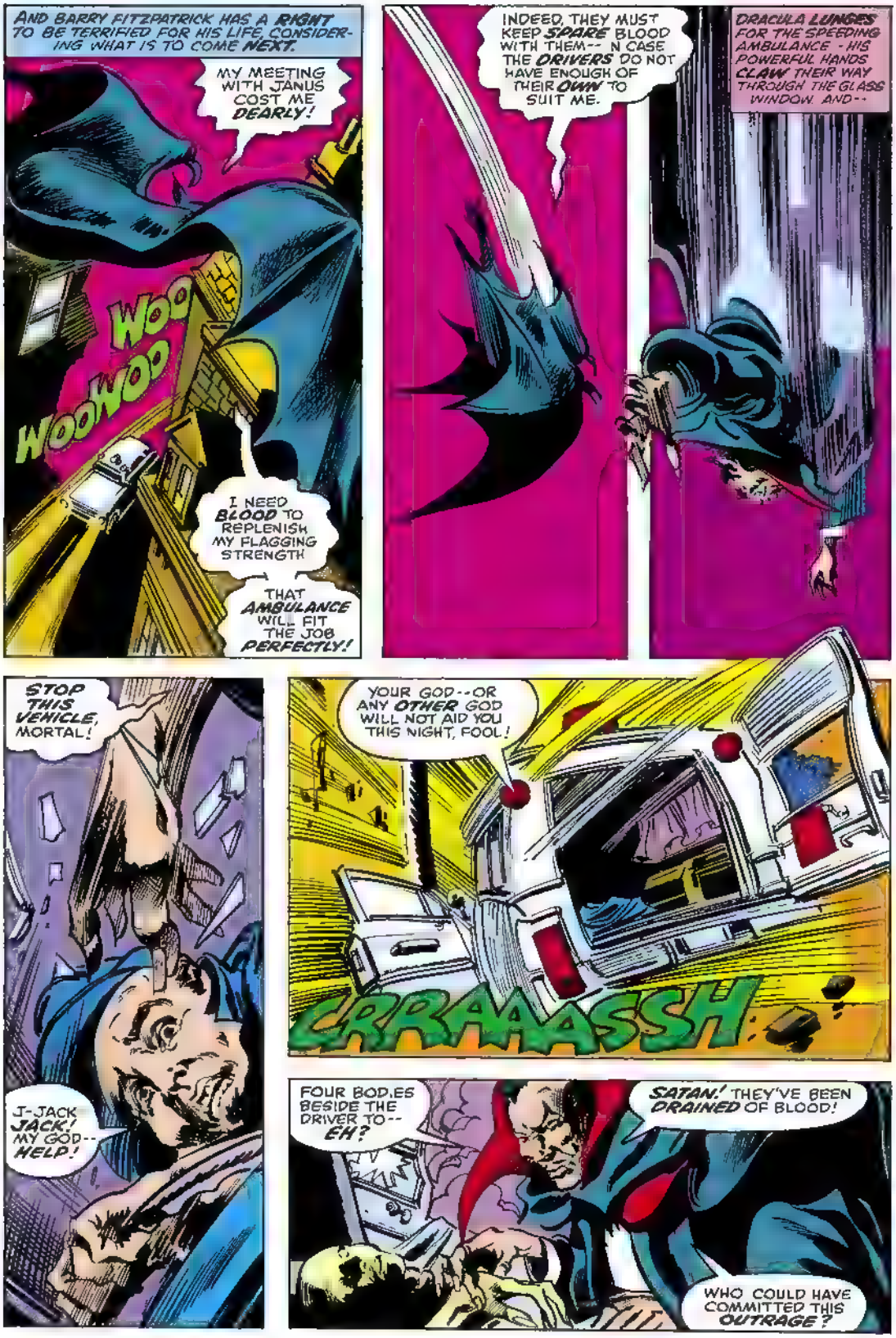
DOMINI TURNS FROM THE WINDOW, SILENT, DREAMING. SHE REMEMBERS HOW HER FATHER FORCED HER INTO THE CONVENT. SHE HATED HIM THEN, THOUGH SHE CAME TO KNOW HE LOVED HER.
AND SHE CAME TO ACCEPT HER LOVE FOR HIM.
NOW, HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF. FATHER AGAINST CHILD. DRACULA AGAINST JANUS. JANUS REBELS. THEY FIGHT--
BUT THAT IS AS FAR AS THE SIMILARITIES GO.
JANUS WILL SLAY DRACULA. DOMINI KNOWS THAT. HIS POWER IS ALMOST INFINITE. HIS WILL DETERMINED.
AND DRACULA WILL FIGHT ON BECAUSE HE IS DRACULA. HE CANNOT RELINQUISH HIS TITLE. HE CANNOT RETREAT. HE IS TOO PROUD FOR THAT.
WHAT IS DESTINED-- WILL BE. THERE CAN BE NO FIGHTING THE ALREADY WRITTEN FUTURE.
DOMINI WILL TRY TO STOP THE BATTLE, BUT SHE WILL FAIL.


FOR MOST OF BOSTON, THE NIGHT IS ONE OF PEACE. THE NEW TELEVISION SEASON IS ONLY WEEKS OLD, AND CHANNEL SWITCHING STILL TAKES PLACE.
WOWOOOO
MARK HARRIS SWIMS DEEP INTO THE PURPLE WATERS OF "THE MAN FROM ATLANTIS." HE SPEAKS TO ELIZABETH BACK AT THE INSTITUTE.
UNFORTUNATELY HIS SOFTLY SPUN WORDS ARE NOT HEARD THROUGH THE "WEEEOOOO-WEEEOOOO" OF BLARING AMBULANCE SIRENS.

BARRY, I TELL YOU-- FOUR YEARS AS A DRIVER, AND I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE.
COULD BE A RITUAL KILLING, OR MAYBE THE WORK OF SOME SADISTS. BUT-- LORD.
JACK, I DON'T ENVY THE POLICE WHEN THIS GETS OUT TO THE NEWSPAPERS. THEY'RE GONNA BE IN FOR IT, UP TO THEIR THIGHS-- AND BEYOND.
THOSE GIRLS WEREN'T SHOT OR STABBED. I DON'T THINK THEY WERE POISONED.

BUT WHAT-- WHAT COULD HAVE KILLED THEM--

--AND, AT THE SAME TIME-- REMOVED ALL BODY HAIR!
JACK, DON'T ASK ME WHY-- BUT I'M FRIGHTENED... TERRIBLY FRIGHTENED.

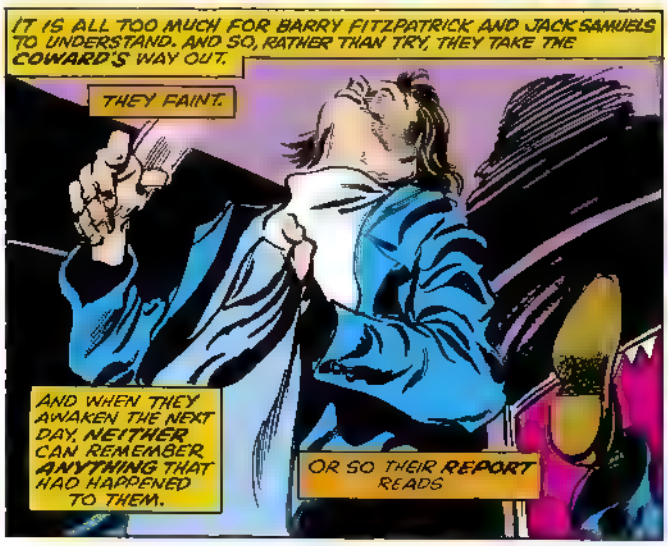

AND BARRY FITZPATRICK HAS A RIGHT TO BE TERRIFIED FOR HIS LIFE, CONSIDERING WHAT IS TO COME NEXT.
MY MEETING WITH JANUS COST ME DEARLY!
WOO WOOWOO
I NEED BLOOD TO REPLENISH MY FLAGGING STRENGTH
THAT AMBULANCE WILL FIT THE JOB PERFECTLY!
INDEED, THEY MUST KEEP SPARE BLOOD WITH THEM-- IN CASE THE DRIVERS DO NOT HAVE ENOUGH OF THEIR OWN TO SUIT ME.
DRACULA LUNGES FOR THE SPEEDING AMBULANCE - HIS POWERFUL HANDS CLAW THEIR WAY THROUGH THE GLASS WINDOW. AND--
STOP THIS VEHICLE, MORTAL!
J-JACK JACK! MY GOD-- HELP!
YOUR GOD--OR ANY OTHER GOD WILL NOT AID YOU THIS NIGHT, FOOL!
CRRAAASSH!
FOUR BODIES BESIDE THE DRIVER TO-- EH?
SATAN! THEY'VE BEEN DRAINED OF BLOOD!
WHO COULD HAVE COMMITTED THIS OUTRAGE?

DID YOU HEAR ME, MAN? WHO DID THIS TO THEM?
SPEAK, FOOL SPEAK! DRACULA COMMANDS IT!
LOOK, HE'S TELLING THE TRUTH! WE'RE JUST PAID DRIVERS. WE'RE NOT DOCTORS!
I-I DUNNO.. I SWEAR IT. HEY-- I'M JUST A DRIVER!
I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING!

AND THAT IS ALL THAT SAVES YOU CRETINS FROM A MOST CERTAIN DEATH!
THERE IS SOMETHING BIZARRE LURKING HERE THIS NIGHT.
I MUST LEARN WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT HAPPENED TO THOSE WOMEN.

LORD, HE'S GONE. WHO DO YOU THINK THAT WAS?
HE SAID HE WAS DRACULA. D-DO YOU SUPPOSE?
I- I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK, BARRY. NOT ANY MORE

FIRST THESE WO--
BARRY - BARRY-- MY GOD!
THE WOMEN-- THEY'RE GONE!

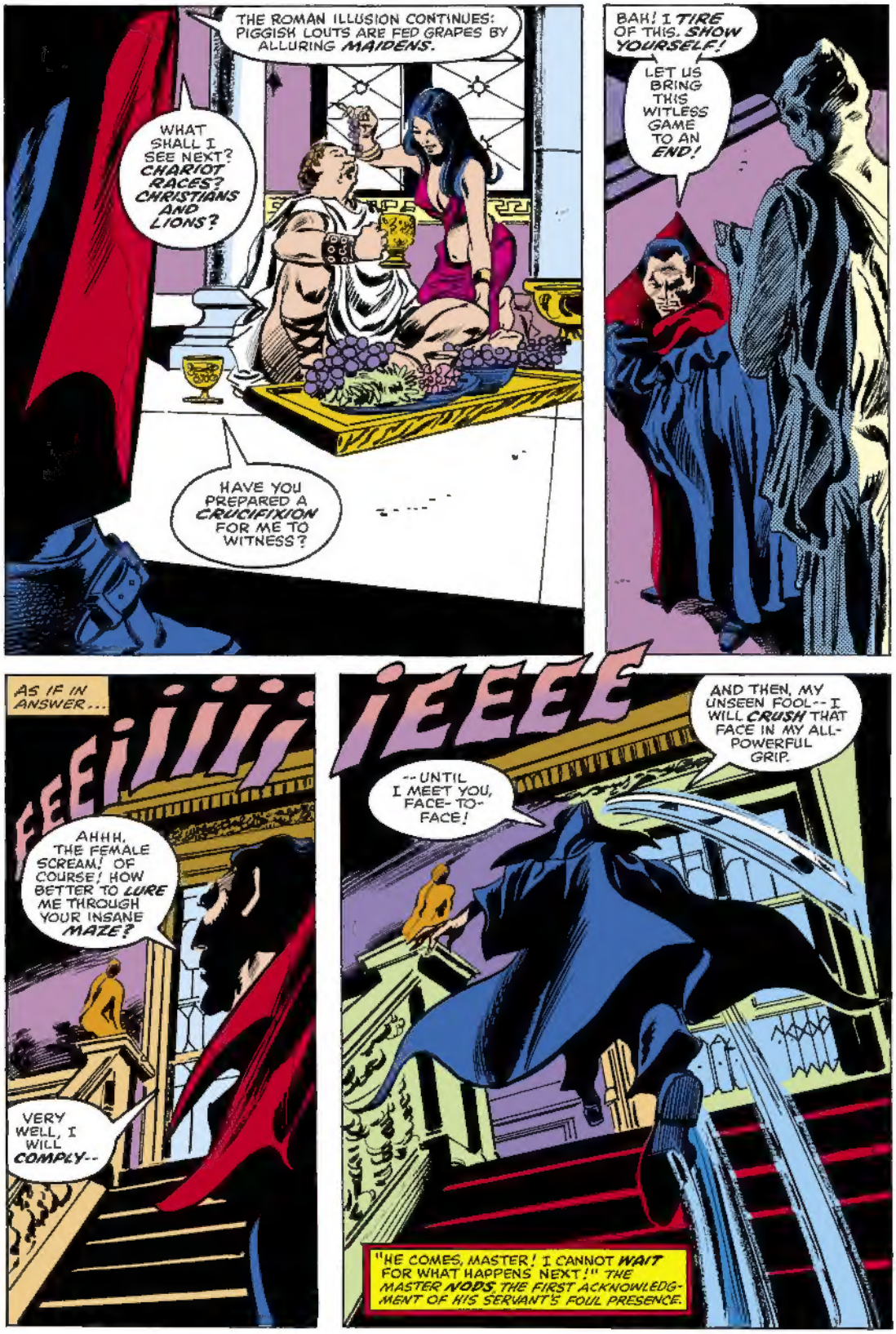

IT IS ALL TOO MUCH FOR BARRY FITZPATRICK AND JACK SAMUELS TO UNDERSTAND. AND SO, RATHER THAN TRY, THEY TAKE THE COWARD'S WAY OUT.
THEY FAINT.
AND WHEN THEY AWAKEN THE NEXT DAY, NEITHER CAN REMEMBER ANYTHING THAT HAD HAPPENED TO THEM.
OR SO THEIR REPORT READS

'DRACULA FOLLOWS YOUR NEW DISCIPLES, MASTER EVEN NOW THEY CLING TO THE SHADOWS AS THEY APPROACH SATAN'S HILL.
'IT WILL NOT BE TOO LONG BEFORE THE VAMPIRE IS YOUR HELPLESS CAPTIVE.
BEFORE THE GAMES OF TORTURE BEGIN
ONE QUESTION MASTER AND PLEASE DON'T THINK ME IMPUDENT TO ASK BUT WHY THOSE FEMALES?

'HAVE THEY VIOLATED YOUR ORDINANCES? ARE THEY BEING PUNISHED FOR SOME CRIME?' THERE IS NO ANSWER NO FURTHER QUESTIONS FOLLOW.
THERE ARE LEGENDS OF SATAN'S HILL. LEGENDS THAT FEW MEN WOULD DARE REPEAT... IF THEY VALUE THEIR SANITY.
THE SWAYING MANSION NESTLED AT HILL'S TOP IS DECEPTIVE IT IS OLD; ITS SHINGLES ROTTED BY FOUL WEATHER ITS FLOORBOARDS CREAK... EVEN WHEN NO MORTAL WALKS ACROSS THEM.

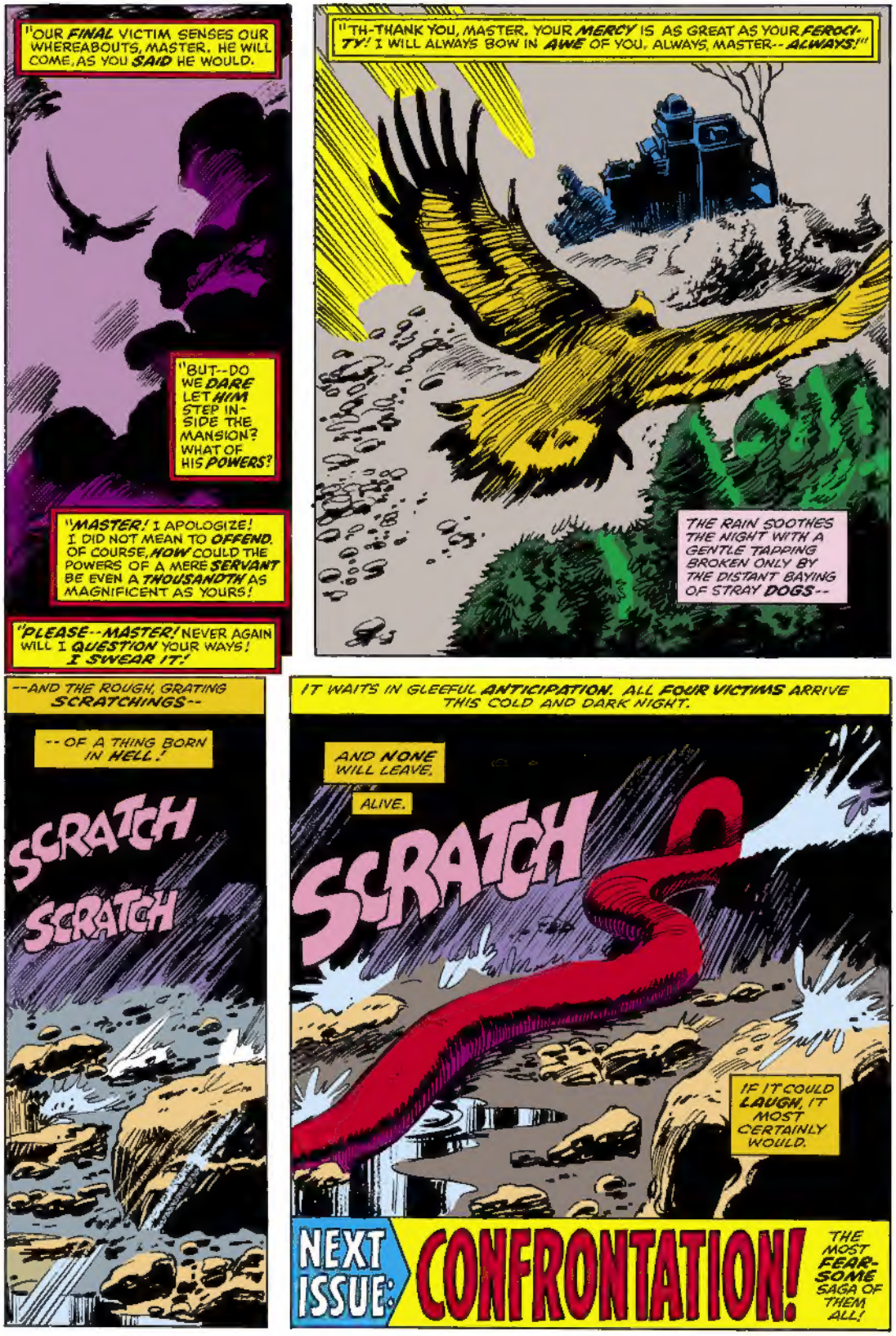
YET THE MANSION DOES NOT OUTWARDLY DISPLAY ITS TRUE NATURE.
THAT AWAITS THOSE WHO ARE FOOLISH ENOUGH TO ENTER.
DRACULA LORD OF EVIL, SHIVERS. EVEN THE UNDEAD FEELS THE TOTAL EVIL OF THIS DECAYING MONUMENT.

YET, DRACULA STEPS TO THE CLOSED DOORWAY, WISHING TO ENTER. BUT HE CANNOT. SUCH IS THE CURSE OF THE VAMPIRE NEVER TO ENTER A PRIVATE RESIDENCE UNLESS INVITED.
THE VAMPIRE LORD HESITATES, WONDERING HOW TO VIOLATE THE FORCES THAT BAR HIS ENTRANCE
BUT--
WELCOME TO MY HOUSE! ENTER FREELY AND OF YOUR OWN WILL!
THE VERY SAME WORDS THE VAMPIRE USED TO LURE JONATHAN HARKER INTO CASTLE DRACULA. THE VOICE TOYS WITH HIM.
BUT STILL, DRACULA LIFTS A POWERFUL HAND AND SWINGS THE DOOR OPEN.
WHAT? OUTSIDE, THIS MANSION STANDS IN RUIN. YET -
.. INSIDE IT IS A MAGNIFICENT ROMAN PALACE? WHAT IS THIS GAME YOU PLAY WITH ME?
SHOW YOURSELF! DRACULA DEMANDS IT!
THE MIRROR-LIKE GLOSS OFF THE MARBLE FLOORS REFLECTS NOTHING OF THE SARCASTIC SILENCE DRACULA FEELS CHOKING HIM IN THIS MANSION ATOP THE MOUNT THEY CALL SATAN'S HILL.


THE ROMAN ILLUSION CONTINUES: PIGGISH LOUTS ARE FED GRAPES BY ALLURING MAIDENS.
WHAT SHALL I SEE NEXT? CHARIOT RACES? CHRISTIANS AND LIONS?
HAVE YOU PREPARED A CRUCIFIXION FOR ME TO WITNESS?
BAH! I TIRE OF THIS. SHOW YOURSELF!
LET US BRING THIS WITLESS GAME TO AN END!
AS IF IN ANSWER...
FEEiiiii
AHHH, THE FEMALE SCREAM! OF COURSE! HOW BETTER TO LURE ME THROUGH YOUR INSANE MAZE?
VERY WELL, I WILL COMPLY--
iEEEEE
--UNTIL I MEET YOU, FACE-TO-FACE!
AND THEN, MY UNSEEN FOOL-- I WILL CRUSH THAT FACE IN MY ALL-POWERFUL GRIP.
"HE COMES, MASTER! I CANNOT WAIT FOR WHAT HAPPENS NEXT!" THE MASTER NODS. THE FIRST ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF HIS SERVANT'S FOUL PRESENCE.

IMPATIENT WITH FOOLISHNESS, DRACULA LEAPS TOWARD THE HEAVY OAKEN DOOR ATOP THE STAIRCASE. WITH ONE INCREDIBLE THRUST, THE DOOR SHATTERS.
AND NOW WE MEET AT--
--WHAT? SATAN SPAWN! JUST A FEMALE!
WHO ARE YOU? WHERE IS THE ONE WHO SUMMONED ME HERE?!?
DRACULA!
CRUNCH
I SENSED YOUR APPROACH... I FELT IT WAS YOU.
DRACULA-- DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME?

REMEMBER? I--
YES... I DO!
YOUR NAME IS T-TOPAZ. OUR PATHS CROSSED YEARS AGO-- IN TRANSYLVANIA. *
* TOMB *18 --MARV W.
YOU ACCOMPANIED THE WEREWOLF I BATTLED. IS HE THE ONE BEHIND ALL THIS INSANITY?
JACK--? OH, NO-- NOT JACK RUSSELL, I CALLED YOU HERE, DRACULA. I NEEDED YOU!
I'VE NEVER BEGGED FOR ANYTHING... NOT SINCE I WAS A CHILD. BUT PLEASE-- YOU MUST SAVE ME FROM WHAT LURKS BENEATH SATAN'S HILL.
"THE OTHER ONE, MASTER. I HAVE CONTACTED HIM. HE IS OURS!"
FRANK, I ASKED WHAT YOU THOUGHT OF--
FRANK?!? DIDN'T YOU HEAR ME?
MY GOD-- HIS EYES-- THEY'RE GLAZED OVER!
HE DOESN'T SEE ME... DOESN'T EVEN KNOW I EXIST.
FRANK! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU? WHAT?!!


"OUR FINAL VICTIM SENSES OUR WHEREABOUTS, MASTER. HE WILL COME, AS YOU SAID HE WOULD.
"BUT--DO WE DARE LET HIM STEP INSIDE THE MANSION? WHAT OF HIS POWERS?
"MASTER! I APOLOGIZE! I DID NOT MEAN TO OFFEND. OF COURSE, HOW COULD THE POWERS OF A MERE SERVANT BE EVEN A THOUSANDTH AS MAGNIFICENT AS YOURS!
"PLEASE--MASTER! NEVER AGAIN WILL I QUESTION YOUR WAYS! I SWEAR IT!
"TH-THANK YOU, MASTER. YOUR MERCY IS AS GREAT AS YOUR FEROCITY! I WILL ALWAYS BOW IN AWE OF YOU, ALWAYS, MASTER--ALWAYS!"
THE RAIN SOOTHES THE NIGHT WITH A GENTLE TAPPING BROKEN ONLY BY THE DISTANT BAYING OF STRAY DOGS--
--AND THE ROUGH, GRATING SCRATCHINGS--
--OF A THING BORN IN HELL!
SCRATCH
SCRATCH
IT WAITS IN GLEEFUL ANTICIPATION. ALL FOUR VICTIMS ARRIVE THIS COLD AND DARK NIGHT.
AND NONE WILL LEAVE,
ALIVE.
SCRATCH
IF IT COULD LAUGH, IT MOST CERTAINLY WOULD.
NEXT ISSUE:
CONFRONTATION!
THE MOST FEARSOME SAGA OF THEM ALL!